

# SAINT GEORGE

A NATIONAL REVIEW DEALING WITH LITERATURE, ART AND SOCIAL  
QUESTIONS IN A BROAD AND PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT.

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# SAINT GEORGE.

No. 27. Vol. VII.

July, 1904.

## ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By J. LEWIS PATON, M.A.,  
Highmaster of Manchester Grammar School.

VER since the Boer war the nation has been casting about for some scapegoat on which to fix the blame of its failures, and, led by Mr. H. G. Wells, has fixed it mainly on the Public Schools. It is not my object either to rebut or to reinforce this criticism. It is my aim merely to enquire into the certainty of the matter, and inasmuch as the term itself "Public School" is vague, and the schools so denominated, like most English institutions, exhibit all manner of strongly-marked individual variations, I shall confine myself to the great Boarding Schools and to those broader features which, being common to all, differentiate them from the schools of America and the Continent.

We have in our English Public Schools a growth peculiarly English both in its excellences and in its defects. There is nothing in the least like it in any foreign country. It has its roots in our own soil, and must be regarded with that respect and affection which is due to every deep-rooted natural growth. Efforts have been made to transplant it into other countries. None of these efforts, so far as I know, have attained much success. Indeed, even in England it was thought that the "public

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school spirit" was the special prerogative of certain old foundations and old traditions, until the rise of Uppingham, Clifton, and Fettes, and many schools since their day, showed that a vigorous personality could build up the old spirit afresh into a new foundation—the living stones of a new community.

A study of origins would soon explain how the English Schools came to be boarding schools. Few studies are historically more interesting than to trace this development from the monastic school with its simple clause of *continuetur schola*, by which the King who abolished the Monastery became the Founder of the School, or from the old practice of sending the *fili nobilium* to learn all knightly exercises under the eye of some neighbouring baron or knight. It was from the blending of these two elements—knightly hardihood with mental and religious culture—that the unique quality of these institutions is derived. Such training in mediæval times was impossible at home, and now that conditions are changed the old system still remains. The reasons are various. We are an imperial nation. We sow beside many waters. This of itself makes it necessary for large numbers of parents, military, naval, civil servants, and business men, to live abroad. For their children there must be boarding-schools provided. Our leisured gentry like to live in the country. The country rector and squire need boarding-schools for their children. The development of our great cities conduces practically to the same result; a boy does not get a fair chance in a city, and hitherto day schools have been defective both in quantity and quality. Such are the economic causes, but there are others fully as cogent. There are social reasons. Some of these are snobbish and contemptible. The wealthy city man wants his son to know the county families and a peer or two. But in the main the motive is something higher than this: it is felt that a public school provides a social education unattainable in any other. To be a public school boy gives a man a passport at once to the better society; it gives him status; there is always a presumption

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in his favour that he is a gentleman, trustworthy and honourable; there is a sort of freemasonry between old public school men which is really helpful in all sorts of ways through life. Moreover, there is a general belief that at a public school a boy learns to be responsible and stand on his own legs. He learns that he is not the most important person in the place, as he imagined himself to be at home; that there are other wills beside his own. He loses a few of his angles, and "gets the sawdust knocked out of him." He learns to bear pain instead of being a cry-baby, to play games instead of being a "smug," to drop rank and wealth and luxury, and generally prepare himself for a rough-and-tumble world—in short, a public school "makes a man of him."

It is, beyond doubt, this widely prevalent belief which has produced during the last twenty years the rapid development of public schools, evinced not only in the increased numbers of the best-known schools, but also in the upgrowth of hundreds of other schools modelled on the public schools, but less expensive. What, then, are the special qualities which justify this belief?

The public school does not chop a boy in half and educate only one portion of him. It gives him all-round training. The continental school trains the boy's mind. Its end-in-view is knowledge and mental power. The English school takes him as a whole and trains his body and his character, and his social side as well as his intellect. Its end-in-view is a complete manhood. "I would have the disposition of his limbs formed at the same time as his mind," says Montaigne. "It is not a soul, it is not a body we are training up, but a man, and we ought not to divide him."

The most obvious feature of our schools to the continental observer is the system of games, and the seriousness with which the games are pursued. This seriousness is common to boys and masters. The English boy, who dislikes all sorts of coercion, readily submits to compulsory sports; he will tolerate slackness

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in other matters, but he cannot stand slackness at games. The most scathing stricture I ever heard a boy from one school pass upon a game played at another school was, "Why, they look as if they were just playing for their own amusement."

The physical advantages of the games system no one disputes. Those advantages in themselves are not slight. It is a great thing to instil into a boy a love of fresh air and exercise in the open; it hardens the body, and builds up the fibre of the race. It is our great national safeguard against the growing luxury and self-indulgence of wealth. What would the boys of our upper middle classes be without games?

But there are other effects, less obvious and less conscious, but more important and quite as real. Indirectly, but none the less effectively, games develop promptness of action and promptness of decision, prompt command on the part of the captain, prompt obedience on the part of the team. They teach self-restraint, how to keep one's temper under trying circumstances, and respect an adversary even in the hottest conflict. They teach straightforwardness and a rudimentary but real sense of honour. They teach unselfishness and what English people specially lack—the habit of co-operating with each other. And they teach all this in the line of the boy's own natural taste and natural activities. His native combativeness, which if neglected would make him a hooligan, and if repressed makes him a coward, is thus utilised to make him a man.\*

It is interesting to compare the more formal system of the German School. "*Turnen*" is a regular class subject in all German schools. It owes its place in the curriculum to the great *Turnvater* Jahn. It is a sort of superimposed system prescribed by authority. The growth of English games has been spontaneous, the outcome

\* See Mr. G. F. Watts' message to the boys of Manchester Grammar School: "Remember you who are now boys are the makers of the future. You are training for this. Aim high and make a daily effort towards this. In playing your games see what qualities they bring out. If these are manliness, straightforwardness, promptness, courage, good temper in defeat, kindheartedness, these are the true equipment for life:—make them yours by quiet daily effort."

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of the boys' own instinct. One sees on the Doctor's wall at Rugby the tablet which commemorates the day when "William Webb Ellis, with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game." Here one sees that individual initiative at work, which is one of the most marked features of our race.

The German system is formal and artificial; it aims at developing the limbs and trunk in a methodical way, but it has no freedom in it; it leaves out of account a boy's combative instinct, his passion for movement in fresh air, his gregarious tendency. It has none of the zest or exhilaration of a game, and, consequently, it is not really recreative.\*

Mr. Sadler's ninth Volume of Reports contains a striking paper on the Measurement of Mental Fatigue in Germany. That paper supplies convincing proof of the inadequacy of *Turnen* in this respect. Three methods of measuring fatigue are adopted, and all three go to prove that an hour spent in the *Turnhalle* is almost as fatiguing to the mind as an hour spent in the class-room over Latin or Mathematics.

"One conclusion from these figures is clear, namely, that to ascribe a mentally restorative influence to gymnastic hours is, as a rule, misleading, and Wagner adds that, were it not that the latter half of the hour was in many cases spent in playing games, the influence of the gymnastic hour would probably appear in a still more unfavourable light."†

Thus is Mother Nature justified of her instincts. It is sad that the nation which has taught us by Froebel how to educate children through their play should have been so blind as to the educational and ethical opportunities of play in the case of adults.

And so while the German boy is wheeling in solitary splendour

\* "La gymnastique fatigue le corps, mais sans reposer le cerveau." Dr. A. Jaquet, *Bibliothèque Universelle*, December, 1903, p. 542.

† *Special Reports on Educational Subjects*, vol. ix., p. 584. Mosso, adopting an entirely different method of measurement, is equally emphatic in his conclusions.

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round his horizontal bar in the *Turnhalle*, the English boy in his flannels, in God's out-of-doors, whether sunshine or shower, is growing up into the spirit of straightness, fairness, comradeship, co-operation and mastery of self, "strife without anger and art without malice," "how to win without grimaces, how to lose without wry faces," and imbibing these things unconsciously with far more effectiveness than they could be taught by any syllabus of ethical instruction. They are taught by doing them, not by precept. Οὐ διδακτὸν ἀλλ' ἀσκητὸν ἡ ἀρετή.

This is no fancy picture. One has known many a lad bred in a luxurious city home, soft and slack of body, short-winded and self-indulgent, with far more servants and far more pocket-money than were good for him, who, in the hard training of football, rowing, cricket, and cross-country running, has learned to endure hardness, put strain upon himself, rate luxury cheap, and grow up into a clean-living and continent manhood. As a matter of historic fact, one knows that games have killed out in our public schools that bullying and those worse forms of self-indulgence which startle a modern reader in "Tom Brown" and Dr. Arnold's sermons. And it is because we have games in our English Universities that we have no duelling.

The art of right recreation is an essential part of complete living. It is an art which we need to learn nowadays more than ever before; there is no weapon so powerful to oppose the impure pleasures of city life as the pleasure of pure and manly sport.

A direct outcome of the games is the corporate life of our great schools. This social life is an essential part of all true education. "Culture," as Matthew Arnold has told us, "is not a product of mere study. Learning may be got from books, but not culture. It is a more living process, and requires that the student shall at times close his books, leave his solitary room and mingle with his fellow-men." None of us can live to himself, we are born into a family; we become at the age of twenty-one members of great civic and national communities. The School should provide the



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intermediate stage which leads from one to the other. The boy, whose whole idea in going to school is to get sufficient knowledge to pass this or that examination, may get the knowledge he desires, but he misses the greatest lesson which the school can teach. And the great difficulty we schoolmasters have in teaching this lesson is that parents so frequently fail to realise that there is any such lesson to be learned. Their boy, says their letter, "has been attending classes at your school." How that phrase tells the tale!

There is no such difficulty with the boy himself. At a public school he soon realises the civic spirit into which he is entered. From the first he feels that he is a member of a larger society with common interests and common ideals, a society which claims from each of its members certain sacrifices and the performance of certain obligations. In games he has to play for his side, not for himself, "to set the game above the prize." There is no reward except the esteem which comes to one who has striven manfully for his house or his school. In his study the motive which spurs him to effort is quite as much his sense of obligation to the school, to uphold its intellectual credit, as the desire to win honour for himself.

But these are not the only outlets for the spirit of citizenship. It is not given to every boy to excel in games, or in scholarship, however hard he tries. He may have short-sighted eyes, or a weak heart. But every boy is good for something, and there are all manner of school societies which depend for their support on the public spirit of the boys. There is a Debating Society, a Natural History Society, with its museum, its aviary, perhaps its gardens, all needing the services of curators; a Camera Club, a Glee Society, a School Orchestra, a School Magazine, a Chess Club, and so forth; so that practically, whatever a boy's special taste may be, he can make it contribute in some way helpfully to the corporate life of the school.

In this way there grows up the sense of oneness or altogether-ness in a school, and the peculiar influence of the English public

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school depends in no small degree on this singularly subtle, but also singularly powerful sense of unity which gradually comes to pervade the whole school community. To the strengthening of this feeling, with its silent but strong compulsion upon the character, the mind and manner of the individual, every school-master attaches the greatest importance. Get this on the side of goodness, get your public feeling to discountenance all lying, cheating, gambling, uncleanness, and sneaking, and you may feel fairly confident, not possibly that there is no evil in the school—that is impossible with any large association—but that at any rate the way of the wrongdoer is not easy and popular, and that the new boy will not get into trouble unless he himself seeks it out and puts himself in the way of it.

When the young men came to Socrates asking how they could combat the immorality which was rife in the city, Socrates replied that there was one simple word which could do all, that word was *αἰσχρὸν*. Brand a bad thing as *αἰσχρὸν*, as "bad form," and at once you have enlisted the gregarious instinct definitely and decisively on the side of goodness.

It is curious how readily boy-nature shapes for itself these ethical standards of conduct. When Wellington College was founded by Dr. Benson, it was arranged, in order to prevent confusion, that one half of the boys should come on Monday, and the remaining half on Tuesday. One boy came on the Tuesday, a little shy and raw, and in course of a stroll proceeded to make a suggestion to one of the veterans of Monday. He proposed a certain line of action, whereupon the veteran observed, "We don't have anything of that sort here."

This schoolboy code of honour is also peculiarly powerful both in a positive and in a negative direction. Of no other society can it be said with more truth that whatsoever sins it remits they are remitted, and whatsoever sins it retains they are retained. Readers of Thring's life will remember how constantly Thring appealed to this feeling, and how, when wrong was done, he

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punished not only the perpetrator, but also those who were present and did not prevent it. They too are responsible, for they are their brother's keepers.

The fact is that there are only two ways of governing a school efficiently. The one is to rely on thorough-going supervision, a complete system of police, with no concealment possible. This is the system of the French Lycée; it corresponds to Napoleon's broad boulevards that could be swept with cannon.

The other is to rely on inward trustworthiness and a sound, enlightened, wisely directed public opinion. This is the system of the English public school. We believe with Oliver Goldsmith that "the virtue that requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel." We leave the boy a wide margin of liberty, it is the only way to train him to be his own master in after life. It is this principle, wisely carried out, which forms the best element in a public school training.

It is in furtherance of the same principle, and by way of its practical realisation, that Dr. Arnold instituted his system of sixth-form government. The boys of the highest form are invested with certain powers of supervision and government, in return for which they receive certain special privileges. There is no *pion*. These sixth-form boys, or prefects, are to the headmaster what the scouting frigates were to Lord Nelson—they are the eyes of the fleet. They are responsible for orderly conduct at meals, in the corridors, the studies and dormitories; they collect the subscriptions and pay out the "weeklies"; they are responsible under the masters for punctuality and good form at games; they are expected themselves to show the highest example in industry, good conduct, and public spirit. *Noblesse oblige*. The moral tone of the School is made what it is not nearly so much by its rules and regulations as by the leading characters among the boys themselves, and by that silent hero-worship which there is in every assemblage of boys. That their influence, so powerful, should be of the right sort is one of the most important matters for a

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schoolmaster ; it is only by exercising great care in the first selection and keeping constantly in touch with his Sixth that he can do his duty in this respect.

It is this sixth-form system which trains Englishmen in the art of government and the management of men. The boy who can govern others at school grows up into the man who can govern a province of India. If we ask the secret of the Englishman's success in the art of civil administration in all quarters of the globe, it lies mainly here. As a boy he has been entrusted with responsibility for the conduct of others. The training of character through trust is after all the Divine method with us all, and therefore the pattern of every right earthly method. The home is the school in which He educates fathers and mothers by giving them His young immortals to be trained for Himself. The school is the place where He educates schoolmistresses and schoolmasters through trust. And in the great chain of experiences with which our life is bound and drawn upward, there is none that appeals so strongly to us as that voice which says in each new generation "Feed My lambs."

Hence it is that the master's duties are not over when he leaves his class-room. The German professor may put on his hat and return to his original research feeling that he has done his duty. Most English masters would feel that it is then their most responsible duties begin, and many masters who are not specially effective as teachers are highly valued by their headmaster, by their colleagues, and by parents, because of their personal influence for good, and because they have the genuine sympathy with boys which enables them to enter into the boy's life and to take personal interest in his pursuits without overpassing the line which separates the tutor from the tutored. The closeness and the freedom of this personal intercourse is one of the distinguishing characteristics of an English public school ; it is also one of the surest guarantees you can have that the boys have nothing to conceal.

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The Royal Commission of 1864 expressed surprise that one man should stand *in parentis loco* to as many as fifty boys. He is nowadays always assisted by at least one tutor. Still, it is easy to see that the care of so large a family to a conscientious man is a very absorbing task. And no doubt we English schoolmasters pay the price for it. In the first place, we do not lay sufficient stress on efficient methods of teaching and adequate preparation of lessons. In this respect we are certainly behind our continental neighbours. We have no professional training, we are not students of pedagogic theory; we are slow in adapting our curriculum to modern needs. If the Royal Commission above mentioned found that there was only one school in which Physical Science was a regular part of the instructions, a Royal Commission of 1904 would find that public schools as a whole were just as sadly behind the times now in certain other respects: in the phonetic teaching of modern languages, in the practical teaching of geometry, in the heuristic methods of early science, in manual training, Nature study, and other things. Again, the English schoolmaster rarely carries on his studies as the German schoolmaster does. He may edit a text-book, but very rarely does he do such a piece of research as we constantly find done by German teachers in German learned publications; very rarely does a schoolmaster with us become a professor, and still more rarely does he write on educational theory. He has chosen other work, and his reward is in the characters of the men he has helped to shape, in the old boys of the school who are doing his country's work all over the globe. These are his epistles known and read of all men.

And here, again, we strike another distinguishing characteristic of the English public school, the affection of its *alumni* for their *alma mater*. As you come out from speeches at Eton on the 4th of June you see posted on the notice board telegrams from Etonians in the uttermost parts of the earth, sending their greetings to the old school, which is never far from their

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thoughts. Once belong to a school, and you belong to its fellowship for life. You are known among your friends as an Old Westminster, an Old Carthusian, or whatever it may be. You claim the acquaintance of any other old boy you may meet on your travels—it is a sort of freemasonry. As my old school song hath it, parodying *Pinafore* :—

“ For he might have been Etonian,  
Harrovian, or Marlburian,  
Or, perhaps, Carthusian ;  
But, in spite of all temptation  
To seek elsewhere education,  
He still remains an Old Salopian,  
And it's greatly to his credit,  
For he himself has said it.”

This is not mere sentiment. The money which in recent years has rebuilt the schools of Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury, has been very largely raised from old boys ; scholarships and prizes without number attest their devotion. In twenty years, Old Rugbeians raised £67,500 for buildings alone, and Harrow has done greater things than that. But, perhaps, the crowning instance is the death of the two Eton officers at Isandlwana, who wrapped the colours round them, and faced their death with the “ Floreat Etona ” on their lips.\*

Lastly, the public school spirit is based on religion. Not so much is said of it. There is not much demonstrative religion among the boys ; there was no prayer meeting I ever heard of at Rugby or Shrewsbury, but deep down there is the conviction that this, after all, is the one thing needful, and in such poems as *Rugby Chapel* and *Clifton Chapel* one sees what the influence of such men as Arnold and Percival has been. The first thing on rising is the short chapel service, the last thing at night is the reading of prayers in the house. Even when there was the great rebellion at Rugby, and the headmaster was barred out of his

\* See Mr. Newbolt's lines on the War Memorial at Clifton College, unveiled June, 1904.



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own house, the sixth-form fellows held their regular prayers evening by evening.

It is independent of any particular system of religious teaching. There are special High Church Schools, Evangelical Schools, Nonconformist Schools of one hue or another, and there are schools, like Rugby and Clifton, where boys come from homes with all sorts of religious creed, but the sectarian differences, deep cut as they may be, make no difference to the public school spirit. It is in the Wesleyan School at the Leys just as much as it is in the High Anglican School of Lancing. It rests on the large, fundamental trait of the English character—the religious sense. "It is a matter of indifference to me," said Dr. Arnold, "whether this is a school of 300, or 200, or 100 boys, but what does matter is that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

I have spoken rather of excellences. I am only too conscious of the defects. I know that athleticism is a serious danger in its present menacing proportions. I thoroughly agree with Herbert Spencer\* that even physically games may easily do more harm than good. "Muscularity and the putting out of great mechanical force are no measures of strength in that sense of the word which chiefly concerns men." Strength of muscle is not necessarily strength of constitution; indeed, great muscular development may draw too heavily upon the strength required for growth of internal organs and the brain; the alimentary organs have only a limited capacity. Still more subtle is the danger of their taking up an inordinate share of a boy's mind and overlaying all other ideals in his life.

I admit also that there are dangers in the intense social life of the school. Ground in the social mill the angles are sometimes too much rubbed down and individualities are made too much to conform to type—a type, too, of a limited kind. I believe that of many a public school boy we could say what was said of Men-

\* *Notes and Comments*, pp. 158-159.

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delssohn, "He started with being a genius and he ended with being a talent."

The social education, too, is necessarily narrow in its range. What does the future clergyman, bred at a public school, know of the working classes? Too often the boy learns to despise the great body of his species with a contempt bred not by familiarity but the lack of it. I cannot see that the public school missions do anything much to counteract this.

The social education is a terrible cold blanket to enthusiasms which are not athletic. Mr. Skrine classes schoolboys according to the types furnished by the twelve apostles. He would have to be an uncommonly sturdy Simon Zelotes whose zeal survived the cold-douching of schoolboy chaff. This lack of independent moral character and this narrow gentility are real dangers in the system.

For, when all is said and done, the English public school is not according to nature, it is not a normal development. Necessary as it may be in our country because we as a nation have to sow beside so many waters, the normal education must be for our country, as for all civilised countries, the Day School. The Boarding School treats the parent as a superfluity, that is a negation of nature which can never be universally accepted. The very expensiveness of the system means that as a system it can never cover the ground. The public school provides education for such as can afford it. The true principle on which we must work in future is that education is for all such as can receive it. In no other European country is there so wide a gulf of separation between the educated and non-educated class. In no other European country is the educated class so small in proportion to the aggregate. And the reason is simple. In England education has been hitherto principally a question of means. In Germany the parent can secure the best education the country affords for £12 a year. In England a father is lucky indeed who does not pay at least ten times that amount. True, there are rich founda-

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tions and plentiful scholarships, but it is hardly possible for a boy to win one of these emoluments unless the father has had the means to send him to a costly preparatory school which trains specially for these scholarships. So far are we still in England from realising the idea of Plato that children should be educated not according to the fortune of the parent, but according to the understanding and capacity of the child.

The problem for England at present is the development of Day Schools. In every centre of population there should be at least one efficient secondary day school, which will put the best education within the reach of the humblest home. And the problem for the men of our public schools is to go out as missionaries into this new expansion of the educational field, and build up into the new system, as it grows, the same *esprit de corps*, the same Christian manliness of character as they have learned in the traditions of such great leaders and teachers as Thomas Arnold and Edward Thring.

## OUR FIRST GARDEN CITY.

By EBENEZER HOWARD.

"Say to yourself, not I will invest this money where it will pay me most, but I will invest it where it shall give most employment to English hands—produce most manufactures for English bodies. In short, seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness with this money of yours, and see if all other things—profits and such like—are not added unto you."

CHARLES KINGSLEY—*Yeast*.

"Observe the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. This stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed."

RUSKIN—*Unto this Last*.

"A financial experience which is long and wide has profoundly convinced me that, as a rule, the State, or individual, or company thrives best which dives deepest down into the mass of the community and adapts its arrangements to the needs of the largest number."

GLADSTONE (see Morley's *Life*, Vol. ii, p. 59).



TRUE function of Society is surely to make it possible for every man to ensure a supply of his real needs—physical, social, intellectual, moral, spiritual; and this being conceded, the healthfulness or otherwise of Society can be measured by the degree to which it fulfils this function. Yet, so complex and interwoven is the life of man, that no complete separation of his needs into entirely distinct and separate groups is possible; and, therefore, if in any

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one of these divisions man's needs are not regarded, there must be suffering, or, if not suffering, then at least a lack in every department of life.

Society, therefore, in seeking to supply, or to enable its members to supply, all physical needs, must be organised on a moral basis, and on such lines that their spiritual nature may be free to develop in harmony with that inner voice, which seldom reaches us in all its fulness and sweetness unless we are seeking to live in true social relations.

I wish now to place before the readers of *Saint George*, for their very earnest consideration, one practical way out of many, by which a real advance may be made towards the supply of the physical needs of our people, and this in such wise as to mark a step forward on the moral and intellectual, and, let us hope, also on the spiritual plane.

Let us consider, first, what are the most essential of the physical needs of the men, women, and children of the people. Surely they are easily stated—and with faith and energy they may be supplied; for it is not Nature that is a niggard,\* but man that is ungenerous and unkind. The chief physical needs of the people, then, are comfortable healthy homes; an abundance of fresh air and water; a sufficiency of good food; steady employment; opportunities for wholesome recreation and enjoyment; in a word, all that contributes to health and to true and lasting happiness—these are needs which are clamouring for answer. And yet one has only to dwell in thought for a single moment on the vast number of our homeless ones—for the workhouse, the slum, or the overcrowded tenement in which so many millions exist are not homes—one has only to think of the frequent lack of employment which is so great a source of poverty and demoralisation; of the dulness and misery of millions of human lives, and of the low physique of vast numbers of our city dwellers, to realise that Society, in the vain pursuit of many a

\* This phrase was used by John Stuart Mill.

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will-of-the-wisp, is forgetting that its true function is to make possible a life of sweetness, and wholesomeness, and beauty for all.

Now I propose to shew that Charles Kingsley was only a little in advance of his time in pointing out that the investing public of this country might enjoy no inconsiderable share in the delight of gradually bringing about a state of society which will represent a marked advance upon the present, and that he was quite right when he said this could be done, not only without loss, but with actual gain to the investors—a gain, however, which he and Ruskin urged must not be regarded as the chief end in view—the real end and aim being the supply of human need.

Let us, then, see if we can discover a way in which capital and enterprise and organising skill and energy can be effectively, and therefore (as it must prove) profitably, employed in meeting those vital needs of the people to which reference has been made.

The key to this problem is to be found in the recognition and the practical and active endorsement of the following very simple facts and principles.

(1) That the population of this country is very badly distributed; the greater part of it being gathered together in overcrowded cities, while vast areas of land are well-nigh deserted.

(2) That the evil effects of such congestion in our cities are seen, amongst other things, in the exorbitant rents which are there paid for most insufficient and insanitary house accommodation; while the continuous depopulation of our country districts is tending to lessen the area of employment in the most healthful of all occupations—the cultivation of the soil—and is making England more and more dependent on other countries for its food supplies.

(3) That a re-distribution of population is, therefore, urgently needed—a view thus forcibly expressed by Professor Marshall in the *Contemporary Review*, 1884:—"Whatever reforms be introduced into the dwellings of the London poor, it will still remain true that the whole area of London is insufficient to supply its popula-



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tion with fresh air and the free space that is wanted for wholesome recreation. A remedy for the overcrowding of London will still be wanted. There are large classes of the population of London whose removal into the country would be in the long run economically advantageous; it would benefit alike those who moved and those who remained behind. Of the 150,000 or more hired workers in the clothes-making trades, by far the greater part are very poorly paid, and do work which is against all economic reason to have done where ground rent is high."

It behoves us all therefore to try to bring about such a movement, and the more so, because

(4) A re-distribution of population will, even in its earliest stages, afford a splendid opportunity for supplying, or enabling the people to supply, their needs in the best, most economic and yet most effective and far-reaching way; will gradually open up a vast field of profitable employment and yield a safe and reasonable return upon capital.

(5) An incidental effect of such re-distribution of population will be to render it more easy and less costly to effect much-required improvements in our large cities, thus in turn making them far more healthy, beautiful and desirable.

With a view to making known these facts, and of giving effect to these principles, an Association was formed some five years ago called the Garden City Association—a propagandist body which has already done much useful work, and which, because it is entirely non-political and non-sectarian, includes among its members perhaps a greater variety of types of men and women than any other Association which could be mentioned. Through its instrumentality one step has already been taken to give effect to its proposals. It has formed a Company, which has a nominal capital of £300,000 (with, of course, power to increase), divided into shares of £5 each, for the purpose of taking active steps to bring about on a small scale—with a view to other agencies doing the same work on a far larger scale—that re-distribution of

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population which on all hands is conceded to be so eminently desirable. This Company, called "First Garden City Limited," has acquired agricultural estates in Hertfordshire, consisting in the aggregate of 3,800 acres, and it is intended to develop the very compact estate which has been formed out of about fourteen different properties, into a model town in which the advantages of town and country will be combined, and in which the great housing problem shall be shown in process of solution. It is intended that the town to be thus built shall be at once industrial, residential, and agricultural; and an important part of the project is that building operations shall only take place on little more than one-fourth of the estate, and this the central portion—the rest of the outlying land being reserved for agricultural purposes. The Garden City estate, on its western boundary, lies about one-and-a-half miles North East of Hitchin, an important junction on the Great Northern Railway—between which and London is an extremely good passenger service—the distance of thirty-two miles being traversed by numerous trains in forty-two minutes. The Great Northern Branch Railway, from Hitchin to Cambridge, intersects the estate for a distance of about two-and-a-half miles, and that Company has already erected a temporary station in the heart of the estate, and is now laying down a railway siding. The district is also served by the Midland Railway, which comes into Hitchin from Bedford, while the Great Eastern and the London and North Western are but a few miles away to the South and North respectively. The property is also within the radius of a motor wagon service for goods to and from London.

The estate, which measures about three miles North and South, and two miles East and West, lies well above the level of most of the surrounding country. It is somewhat undulating, and varies in elevation from about 165 feet at its lowest point to 350 feet at its highest, above sea level.

The subsoil is chalk, the upper soil being sandy loam, in some parts clay, with beds of sand and gravel. There is a small

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river, the Ivel, a trout stream, near the north-western boundary, while a brook flows in a small valley through that part of the estate where the town will be situated; and this valley, with a common of about sixty-five acres, will be preserved, and will form a picturesque feature in the midst of the busy life of the town.

There is an abundant supply of water obtainable from the chalk. This fact has now been well established as the result of a bore-hole, which has been made under the direction of Mr. G. R. Strachan, a well-known water engineer, who advises the Directors that a supply of 120,000 gallons per day can be secured from this source alone, and that an ample supply can, when required, be obtained for the population of 30,000 which it is proposed ultimately to provide for. It is intended to pump the water to a reservoir on Weston hills, a little distance to the south-east of the estate. A site has been purchased for this purpose, and arrangements made for a way-leave between it and the pumping station.

There are some very good roads on the estate, and these will, in some cases, form excellent frontages. Three villages are more or less involved in the experiment—the picturesque village of Norton, which is entirely on the estate, and the villages of Willian and Radwell, which are partly upon it. These are, however, on the outer belt of the estate, and their picturesque appearance will not, therefore, be disturbed. There are numerous farm buildings and cottages, and some excellent mansions, as well as two inns, and a good deal of timber, all of which are included in a purchase price representing on an average £40 an acre.

The main object of the Company will be to attract manufacturers and their workpeople from crowded centres; but as it is most undesirable to separate the different classes of society, and as small industrial towns are apt to become terribly dull and sordid, it is proposed also to attract private residents, as well as those who may desire to engage in the cultivation of the land, especially on intensive principles; while of necessity there must be

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in the town shop-keepers, builders, as well as others who may engage in various subsidiary callings, such as school teachers, doctors, etc.

The chief advantages offered to manufacturers will be low rents and rates; an excellent opportunity for erecting, on cheap land, well-designed, light, healthy and efficient factories and workshops—for the most part of one storey only; economy in distribution; sidings at works; cheap motive power; low fire insurance premiums (because each factory will be surrounded by a considerable strip of land); and last, and most important of all, greater efficiency of labour, owing to the healthy conditions under which the people will live and recreate themselves.

In addition to these direct advantages, manufacturers will profit indirectly by the benefits which will be secured by the workers—namely, better houses, at lower rents than in our large cities, with gardens of not less than about one-twelfth of an acre, which will, besides affording healthy recreation, bring in a substantial return; time, energy, and money not spent in travelling to and from work, the cottages being near the factories; physical powers improved by better conditions at home and at work; the fascinations of the public-house neutralised by strong counter-attractions in the form of abundant opportunities of in-door and out-door recreation, and greatly improved home-life conditions.

Manufacturers will also gain—as citizens of this Empire by that restoration of the people to the land which it is believed will inevitably follow the successful carrying-out of this experiment—a restoration which will bring in its train the much-needed revival of agriculture; and they will also gain by the diminution of insanity, which is largely due to the unhealthy conditions under which people now live, as well as to the ever-present temptation to drink.

Another great advantage which we may well hope will follow from the decentralization of factories will be an increasing intercourse between employer and employed, which will tend to

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convince both parties that their true interests are really identical—reciprocal rather than antagonistic ; for, as has been well said, “the manufacturer who studies the well-being of his employees, not only in their works, but in their homes and in their surroundings, will receive, in return, a more willing and, therefore, a more efficient service.”

It will thus be seen that Garden City aims at being a Bournville or Port Sunlight writ large ; or, in other words, it proposes to make it practicable for comparatively small manufacturers or co-operative societies to secure (by a combination which will retain for them the fullest power of initiative and control) all and more than all the advantages secured for themselves and for their work-people by Messrs. Cadbury and Messrs. Lever Brothers—men who by their work in founding Garden Villages have prepared the way for a Garden City, which in its turn will, it is hoped, make possible the organization of society on sound principles,—safeguarding at once the true interests of the community and of the individual.

A few words may be here said as to the suitability of the site. First, it was selected with the full approval of Mr. Edward Cadbury of Bournville, and Mr. W. H. Lever of Port Sunlight ; while Mr. Rider Haggard, who is almost as well known as an agricultural expert as a novelist, says of it : “I consider your estate most excellently placed to fulfil all the objects for which it has been obtained. The communications with it from London are of the first class. I know of no healthier or more pleasant stretch of land anywhere near London than that which it presents. Agriculturally, I may say the land is such as under proper treatment will produce very large crops. In my opinion, certain of the lower hollows would be extremely suitable for orchards and also for the growing of vegetables for market ; and, with regard to the price, I am pleased to be able to tell you that as far as my experience goes—and it has been considerable on these matters—I should think you have acquired the property reasonably.” But,

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more than this, manufacturers are themselves coming to see the advantages which can be secured by a movement to our first Garden City, which is well suited for engineering works dealing with comparatively small pieces of metal or with light machinery, or with such an industry as motor-cars. Among other industries which may be mentioned as suitable, as distinctly interested and as likely to take part in the experiment, are printing, bookbinding, mantle-making, the manufacture of underclothing, blouses, hats, gloves, basket-work, cabinet-making, furniture, biscuits, confectionery, etc. All manufacturers who take part in this project will also secure a splendid advertisement through their connection with an undertaking which, already, before it has fairly started its operations, has attracted world-wide attention.

I have just stated among the reasons why manufacturers should be attracted to Garden City that ground rents will be low. This will be so chiefly for three reasons :—

- 1st. The low initial cost of the ground (£40 an acre), including timber and buildings.
- 2nd. The ease and economy with which an estate, representing a *tabula rasa*, can be planned and developed. [Admirable plans for the development of this estate have already been prepared and can be seen at the offices of the Company, or will be sent on application.]
- 3rd. The third reason why rents will be low is to be found in the financial basis on which the scheme rests. By its Memorandum of Association the dividend of the Company is limited to 5 per cent., and all profits beyond this are to be expended in developing and improving the estate. [This limitation of dividend is, at least for a Company of this nature, perfectly sound and business-like, though doubtless the motives which have actuated the shareholders have been largely public-spirited ones. For this limitation of dividend—this sharing of profits with the tenants—



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must have a tendency to attract tenants in a way in which they would not be attracted if the dividend were unlimited, and will thus have the effect of soon converting the shares into well-secured ground rents. This is but a concrete statement of the propositions of Kingsley and Gladstone which appear at the head of this paper.]

While upon the question of low rents, it is not out of place to say that the Directors of the Company include such well-known men as Mr. Justice Neville, Lord Brassey, Mr. Edward Cadbury of Birmingham, Mr. Franklin Thomasson of Bolton, Mr. T. H. W. Idris of London, and others, and that none of the Directors, except myself, receive any fees whatever for the work they do.

I have urged as another of the reasons why manufacturers and others will be attracted to the site that rates will be low. Rates will be low, because, other things being equal, rates depend on the economy with which improvements can be carried out, roads made, drainage works constructed, schools built and equipped; and it must be obvious that to have secured a large and compact estate, purchased at little more than its agricultural value, must be a most effective way of securing, in the carrying-out of public improvements, that economy which should result in low rates. By way of illustrating this point, I will here mention a few facts which will speak so forcibly as to require little further comment.

(1) The sites for the late London School Board have cost on an average over £9,500 an acre. Many of these sites are situated in very poor districts and surrounded by slums, so that their educational value must be greatly less than it will be in a healthy area laid out with all possible care and in which overcrowding is prevented by the terms of the building lease, and by the arrangement I have referred to, under which only about 1,000 acres out of the 3,800 acres will be built upon, the rest being reserved as an agricultural estate.

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(2) The next fact to which attention may be called, as bearing upon the question of rates, is the enormous price which has frequently to be paid in great cities for the privilege of merely pulling down property. Thus the London County Council has been compelled to pay £300 per family removed in the case of the Bethnal Green area, £600 per family in the case of Garden Row (St. Luke's), £675 per family Aylesbury Place (Clerkenwell), while Webber Row (Southwark) scheme cost £153,000, or £845 per family removed—to which, of course, the cost of providing a new dwelling must be added.

These illustrations, though they are doubtless somewhat extreme ones, point clearly to the fact that in Garden City, with its clean sheet, public works will be carried out at much less cost than in old towns, and that, therefore, rates should be low.

It has already been said that the object of the Company is to attract not only manufacturers and their workpeople, but also private residents, small occupiers of land for market gardening, orchards, dairies, etc., as well as shopkeepers, builders, and those engaged in subsidiary callings; and perhaps a word may be said about the advantages which will be offered to some of these.

First, as to private residents: the Garden City Estate is within easy access of London, is very picturesque, and every care has been taken in the preparation of the plans to preserve its natural features—its trees and hedgerows, its watercourses, its common, and its wooded valley; whilst not a few suitable fields have been set apart for playgrounds, cricket and football, tennis courts, and a golf course. And the town is to be the scene of a most interesting experiment, which should be entered upon with hearts full of hope and gladness.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the Company is already receiving a considerable number of applications for sites for private residents, and there is every reason to believe that many of this class who come to the town will do splendid work in making the inner life of the place interesting, vigorous, and

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healthy. But, it may be said, "Is not Garden City to be an industrial town, and will not there, therefore, be much smoke, noise, and dirt?" Surely not. Really objectionable industries will not be admitted into the town. Smoke will be reduced to a minimum, because electrical energy, generated possibly by Mond gas, will probably be supplied. Besides, the factories will not be dotted all over the town (as they are apt to be in places where land is held by numerous owners, each anxious to let on the most favourable terms); they will be placed near the eastern edge of the town, so that the prevailing winds will drive any little smoke or smell away from it.

With reference to those who shall engage in the cultivation of small holdings, it is sufficient to say that First Garden City Limited, and its parent, the Garden City Association, will do everything in their power to speedily bring a population on to the site, and thus secure a good market for vegetables, milk, fruit, etc., effecting by these means a great saving in railway rates; while the aim of this enterprise will surely tend to bring into healthy activity that spirit of co-operation which will enable many great economies in food production and food distribution to be realised.

As to builders, shopkeepers, and others, with the advent of manufacturers—and this is becoming more and more certain—there will be at once a great demand for buildings of all kinds, and the Company will be prepared to let, either on leases in the ordinary form for eighty to ninety-nine years, or on leases renewable in perpetuity, but on the terms that the annual value of the land, without the buildings thereon, shall be re-assessed at certain fixed periods.

This plan of alternative leases is certainly in the nature of compromise, and is, no doubt, a departure from the scheme as first suggested by me in *Garden Cities of To-morrow*.\*

I there described an imaginary town in which all rates are paid in the form of rents; that is to say, a town where the land belongs

\* Garden City Association, 347, Birkbeck Bank Chambers, 1/-.

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to the community, and where each tenant, instead of being assessed on the annual value of his land and buildings, is assessed in respect of the annual value of the land only—is assessed, that is, on improvements due to the action of society, but not assessed in respect of improvements created by the tenant himself. And I still believe that the day will surely come when such a system of collecting public revenues (advocated as long ago as 1775 by Thomas Spence) will be adopted; and that, when fully understanding what it implies, all tenants will readily submit to a periodical revision of their rents; because in truth and in fact, such revision of rent—if rents are paid to a body which represents the community—will be in substitution for the periodical revision of values of land and buildings for rating purposes, and will not be more but much less onerous than such revision; to which, however, people have grown accustomed. But a system of revisable rents can hardly be adopted at once, and by a whole community, even though it be “a state within the state.” In my book I set forth an ideal to be attained; in our practical scheme we have to advance gradually from the known to the unknown. We have to consider, not only what a few advanced thinkers or a few zealous reformers will agree to, but how to make the pathway easy for a great redistribution of population from our crowded cities, taking care at the same time to work steadily and faithfully towards a more ideal system. Now, to ask all the first proposed tenants, manufacturers and others, to submit to a periodic revision of rents, on the ground that the whole of the increased rent will be expended for the benefit of the town, would, it is feared, be somewhat impracticable. Let such as wish it, then, have leases on ordinary terms. A good many, however, have expressed themselves as not only ready but anxious to enter into leases under which the rent will be revisable at fixed periods; and these, by their example and influence, will prepare the way for the general adoption of this method. I would say, then, let us get our project into full working order; let us reach, as soon as possible, the

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stage when all arrears of dividend (for the Company hardly expect to pay a full dividend for several years) are paid off; let us prove to our tenants that the management of the Company is economic and effective; let us prepare the way for the whole estate and all its public improvements being taken over by a body of trustees on behalf of the inhabitants; and then, but not perhaps till then, will not merely a few, but the great majority of the tenants come to see that a periodical revision of rents is an extremely just, fair, and simple way of collecting rates, or, at least, a considerable part of them, and of distributing the unearned increment equitably over the whole of the community. Because, it should be observed, the revision of rents would work in both directions. If A's plot were damaged by some public improvement, then A, after revision, would pay less rent; while B, whose plot had been improved through the same cause, would pay more; and enterprise would not be checked to so large an extent as at present by a rate being levied on improvements effected by the tenant himself.

It will thus be seen that, just as the carrying out of the main idea of the Garden City—namely, the redistribution of population on healthy lines—depends, at the outset, upon securing voluntary workers and voluntary subscribers from among the community as a whole, so within the area of the experiment itself there will, doubtless, be those who are more prepared than others to advance yet further towards the ideal, and who, by their readiness to *apparently* sacrifice their own interests for the interests of the community, will prepare the way for a general advance in the same direction.

As showing to what an extent, even in its initial stages, the community does secure the increment in land values, the reader may be reminded that all land required for public purposes—for roads, parks, playgrounds, schools, public buildings, etc., has been acquired at a cost of £40 an acre, as against the much higher cost which would be involved if the sites for such purposes as under ordinary conditions were acquired as the town grows up; and

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that, therefore, much of the increase in the value of the land, brought about by the growth of population, will represent a real gain to the community—that is, to all the members composing it—rather than a gain to any particular members.

Of the nominal capital of the Company (£300,000), about £92,000 has been already subscribed by about 1,340 shareholders. This is, of course, an altogether insufficient sum with which to successfully found a Garden City—and no one knows this better than those who have contributed to it. Why, then, have they subscribed and burdened, as they have had to burden, their estate with temporary mortgages? The answer is—because it was necessary, in order to secure the requisite amount of land from a number of different owners and to bind their holdings into one compact whole, that the Board should act promptly, and not wait till all the necessary capital was raised, and because the Directors had perfect confidence that others, when they come to know of the Garden City project, will do as they have done—give it their hearty and generous support. The earlier subscribers have in this way shewn not only their confidence in the essential soundness of their undertaking, but their faith in human nature—a faith which will surely prove not to have been misplaced, any more than was the confidence of the earlier subscribers, who really did run what looked to some like a great risk, for they raised £20,000 for a scheme quite in the clouds, and when no one knew where the first Garden City was to be. But now that we have a beautiful, compact, and accessible estate, and one well adapted for the enterprise; now that we have bored for water and found enough for a considerable population; now that scepticism on the part of the public is rapidly disappearing; now that the press of the country is heartily with us, as has been shown by the truly wonderful help it has rendered the cause; now that manufacturers and others are coming forward and expressing their readiness to build on the site; can it be supposed for a moment that we shall not get £300,000, and even

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more if we but spend that sum well, and find we require more? Surely not. Meantime, however, a sum of about £12,000 is urgently needed for road making, water supply, etc., and subscriptions are earnestly invited.

But there are many other ways of helping forward this work than by subscribing for shares in the Company. We need a band of resolute men and women who will come and reside on the estate, and who will spend of their leisure, their experience, and their means in helping the development of the town on the best lines. What a noble work has already been done by University Settlements—by men and women who have lived in the most wretched quarters of our cities, and have helped to brighten the lives of their poor neighbours there! Such work tells—it is of incalculable value; and yet, perhaps, truer and wiser leadership would be shewn by helping the people to come out of the slums into a city of homes than even by the very successful attempts which are made to brighten the lives of the people who dwell in the darkness. Be that as it may, there is plenty of work on both lines; and work on one cannot fail to assist and stimulate and inspire work on the other. And our small band of workers on the spot must be aided and strengthened by a yet larger number of friends of the movement, who, though they cannot actually join in it by residing in Garden City, can help to forward the cause in various ways—by working strenuously from the London or great-city end; helping to arouse interest and enthusiasm, and assisting in various ways in promoting the happiness and comfort of the workpeople from among whom the main body of our migrants are to be found.

Let us now examine our problem from another point of view. Here we will suppose are manufacturers employing girls who seriously contemplate establishing works in the Garden City; but who fear that the girls will be dull “in the country,” and that even if they go, there may be some difficulty in retaining them; who fear, too, that there will be great difficulty in providing them



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with comfortable, respectable homes. And here, on the other hand, are manufacturers employing chiefly men and boys who wish to establish branch works in the town, and who, though they have capital enough to build their factories and to equip them, have not capital enough to build cottages for their workpeople, and certainly have little means to spare for gymnasium, swimming bath, concert hall, library and reading room, but who yet see clearly that unless such things are started at the very outset the men may not come, or, if they do, will often stray away to the public-house, or, if that is too far off, will leave the city altogether, and spread reports of its dulness and monotony. Now, surely much can be done by wise forethought in this matter to clear the path of all such difficulties, and much of this work is work which can be best accomplished by women with real kindness and tact. Some time must elapse between the determination of a manufacturer to go to our city and operations being actually started in his factory there, and during this period our workers must be busy. They should come to know, as far as this is possible, the families of those who are going, and, having ascertained what their needs are, endeavour to see that they are provided for as fully as possible—and this from the very outset. Many of the girls who will migrate could doubtless be provided with comfortable lodgings in the cottages to be occupied by the families of some of the workmen, but others may prefer to be provided for in a residential club, of which I have seen a capital example in the city of Dundee.

But perhaps the best way in which outside assistance can be rendered to the Company is by aiding in the work of providing cottages. There is much to be said, no doubt, in favour of the Company building cottages themselves, but their funds do not admit of this—at least, not to any considerable extent—at present; and after all, if people of public spirit will come forward and build cottages, one can see many advantages which will follow. For surely they can exercise, as well and as wisely as the Company

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can, the "true function" of a landlord ; which, to follow Ruskin's thought, is to provide the best cottages at the lowest rents ; and they may come into closer and more friendly association with the workpeople than would otherwise be possible without undue intrusion of themselves. They may enjoy, too, what one can imagine will be the very great pleasure of selecting their own designs, and superintending their own contribution to the solution of the housing problem.

There are a great number of other ways, some of which have been already suggested, in which work can be done to promote this enterprise—ways many of which will admit of a fair return upon capital, and others which, while not admitting of this, will give a joy to the worker greater than money can give.

Among the latter class is one suggested by the nature of the experiment. It is sometimes said the Garden City will benefit only the better class of British workmen and workwomen—that it will not help those in the very lowest social scale—the dwellers in our slums, the outcast, and the destitute. This is not true. Some few, at least, of this class are certain to be directly reached ; and, besides, it is certainly impossible to really do substantial and real good to any one class without benefiting all classes ; while anything which relieves, in however small a degree, the pressure in our great cities must tend to bring down the rents of slum property. But a small experiment of this kind—for after all it is, nationally considered, a small experiment—will produce little noticeable effect (except through its example and influence) upon London, which is growing at about the rate of 50,000 per annum ; and it would be well that something should be done to touch directly and immediately those of the very lowest strata ; and I would suggest, therefore, the building of a home for waifs and strays, thus dealing with those at the very bottom of the ladder in the most hopeful way—by beginning with the children.

There is one other aspect of the Garden City Association's work which, though very important, I cannot do more than touch

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upon. The Garden City Association—a quite distinct body from the Company—has aims far wider than the building of one or even of many Garden Cities on new areas. Its aim and object is, by means of the experiment which it is promoting, and by making more and more widely known what has been done at Bournville and Port Sunlight, what is about to be done at Dunfermline, and what might be done near it at Rosyth (where the Government are establishing a Naval Base), to set forth a higher standard of action in corporate life—a standard which shall be at once the expression of that inner change which is slowly working in Society, and a stimulus to a further healthy change and growth towards that higher social order which, in many ways that we wot not of, is coming nearer and nearer, and will come soon if we but learn to labour faithfully and cheerfully.

## PEASANT ART.

By GODFREY BLOUNT.



WE have, under primitive conditions of civilisation, no artists, but only artisans. Additional care or decoration may occasionally be given to certain things, such as a king's crown, a god's temple, or a bride's bonnet, but there is no separation of ornament from service or use. That separation only creeps in subsequently, and the history of Art is simply the history of the struggle or interaction between the beautiful making of useful things, because they are useful, and the pursuit of Art for Art's sake, whatever that may mean. All history is a tragedy, and the history of Art is no exception to the rule. The tragedy is, we must believe, always redeemed by a re-birth, the Crucifixion by a Resurrection. Let us hope that we may be called to-day to witness the latter, a revival of the Life of Art from the shadow of its grave. But we must first premise that it is dying, if not already dead. There was a time in Italian Art when the frame was more valuable than the picture, the niche more important than the statue. Then the picture and the person predominate over their surroundings, and the craftsman's energy is spent more and more in their greater realisation. The object of his labour becomes more mental than material, and consequently he becomes more dependent on the patronage or charity of others, and the producer of an object of luxury instead of use. Up to a certain extent this evolution is obviously a just one; we must recognise that some people are more "gifted" than others, but we are taught that as the gift is free, it should also be freely spent. Theirs should be the music to lighten the work of the world; when it is present the work is easy, when absent, sordid. In times of great civilisation, the greater the artist the more he works for the public, so that all may share in the harmony he creates or

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reveals. But with the growth of skill, and science, and private wealth, the musician is lured from the market-place where he used to pipe to his fellows (otherwise than idly) and becomes his patron's slave, and no longer the public's servant. The public loses what the individual gains, loses, however, more in intelligence than in actual skill. I mean that, with the increase of culture in luxury, there is a corresponding decrease of culture in handicraft. Sir Joshua is refined and simple, Grinling Gibbons redundant and vulgar. Intelligence has deserted the workshop for the studio, and the gap between rich and poor is intensified by a distinction in mind as well as in money.

While the crafts are sunk in this unspiritual plight, James Watt or the devil discovers that the less imaginative handwork can be produced by steam-driven machinery, and before a score of years is past the greatest revolution our world has seen reverses the tradition of centuries and introduces a new custom and a new faith. This revolution has been so rapidly, deliberately, and successfully effected, that few of us to-day dare doubt its necessity or question its, at any rate, ultimate beneficence.

I am one of that small but rapidly increasing number of sceptics, but it is hardly within my province to do more than contrast some of the conditions under which we live to-day and the art that popularly expresses them with the work that the Ruskin Society has brought together at Birmingham under the title of Peasant Art, and the conditions that produce it, conditions which we must produce in some sort again if we think the art justifies them.

I am glad for some reasons that specimens of modern artistic handicrafts are not being exhibited with their country cousins, and I am specially glad for this reason that, though our handicraft movement has been no doubt partially inspired by a healthy ambition to make things instead of merely pictures of them, it has not yet shaken itself free of the system of rich patronage, and is therefore still the servile slave of the plutocracy, and in no sense democratic or aspirational. It seems to me to matter little,

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judged by a final standard, whether a millionaire pays £100 for a picture, a tea service, or a towel-horse, if these things are produced under conditions and sold at a price which prohibits their purchase by any but rich men. Great Art must echo the life of the *whole* of Society. It must consequently be cheap art.

Perhaps the word "cheap" is a little misleading. I mean that great art is simply and carelessly made. It is really only under conditions which allow him to be simple and careless that an artist's imagination is really free to act. The expression is misleading also because in the sphere of fine art (that is to say art done for fine people) a sketch has a fictitious value for the very reason that it exhibits the artist's power unhampered by any restrictive considerations of the cost or destination of what he is doing. Work, on the other hand, which is conscious of its material value is always a poor form of art.

In the galleries at South Kensington there is a room devoted to what I imagine used to be the Burmese regalia, and the policeman in charge of them was kind enough the other day to point out their peculiar beauties to me. They are for the most part excellent examples of unimaginative labour, in which the preciousness of his material and the stagnation of his tradition have entirely killed any originality on the part of the artist. Their only redemption lies in the actual exchange value of what they consist of, precious metals and precious stones, used with a lavishness that we associate with Eastern despotisms, and unequalled in vulgarity by anything I have ever seen except the display in a Bond Street jeweller's shop window, or the rings on a fashionable woman's fingers. This porringer, which only cost me a penny, is worth, if only our eyes could see the real value of things,—their power in other words of making for so much life or happiness,—all this commonplace finery: in its brief promise of stirring joy and candid appreciation of nature; brief, because the happy charm of it lies, you will note, in the fact that it is of the commonest clay, porous but for the glaze, and very fragile and

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unfinished. I do not say that it would lose by being stronger, I only assert that it was the consciousness that he was decorating a cheap thing which allowed the artist to make it beautiful too, unhampered by classical cant or the traditions of any school of art.

One of the most curious anomalies of popular political economy is that which regards a community as rich in proportion not to the excess of its exports over its imports (I am not now discussing finance), but to the degree in which money actually circulates among its members. In Bavaria, a few years ago, in hunting for such rough earthenware as this, I met a potter who did not so reckon his fortune. The front room of the potter's cottage was full, as usual, of plates, dishes, cups, and jugs, and bowls of plainly utilitarian shape, but often delightfully coloured and simply patterned. The maker of this ware, however, informed us that he was giving up his business not because he had, as *our* phrase goes, "made his pile," but because his furnace had cracked, and he had not capital enough to repair it. "How, then, was he going to live?" Why, it didn't apparently much matter, because he owned that acre or so among others belonging to his neighbours of the township. And there he grew practically all he needed, and exchanged the surplus for what would buy him the few luxuries he and his family needed, coffee and tobacco, and clothes. His cow gave him milk, drew the cart to the field, the plough at the season, and the produce home or to market, and in proof thereof he insisted on our tasting a huge rye loaf and some somewhat sour grapes. I should call this man rich in the possession of such independence. He was obviously happy, too, in what made his home complete, and though I should refrain from taking him as fulfilling the most ideal conditions, for I should have liked him to have enough money to mend his kiln, and bake me some more pots, his position illustrates accurately enough the state of mind and the condition of life capable of producing such art as I am now praising.

Such possibilities are, of course, obviated by the invention of

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steam, the industrial revolution its effects, and the growth of the town into which the country craftsman drifts, and where his skill, no longer needed, dies. Our industrial development is the development of the factory system which, whatever its real or fictitious value to the world at large, must and does mean the destruction of the countryman and his craft. For I have two truths to state which, whether we like them or not, underlie the possibility of any revival of this or any other sort of art. And the first of these truths is that under modern conditions of life, only a degraded, and depraved, and bastard art is possible, the art of the poster and the art of the prostitute, the lying art which persuades us to buy what is not good for us, and the putrescent art of the periodical and fashion plate which caters to our poisoned taste. For as soon as machinery usurps the province of the hand it enslaves and degrades the imagination—and ours is the age of the machine. We must choose between machinery and art. As faithful followers of Ruskin we must insist on the urgency of the choice. And here in this exhibition we can see for ourselves how very soon we should have had no choice left us at all, in the fact that such things have to be collected now and exhibited as rarities, when they ought to be, and used to be, as common as coals. We are not asked any longer, however, as passive arbiters of the national welfare whether we prefer a Titian to a cotton mill, because few of us could distinguish a Titian from a Doré, and you might as well, says the master, "see the devil as Doré," but we are asked if, compromised and dependent on machinery and the town life it has introduced as we are, we shall plunge deeper still into this labyrinth of materialistic ideals we have built round our own souls, and persist in trying to persuade ourselves that culture means the collection of indiscriminate loot, and art the creation, however conscientiously, of luxurious nick-nacks for those who can afford them; or whether, if there is still time—and God send there may be—we shall make one effort to rouse ourselves from this nightmare of squalor and sordidness,

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and make one stand to redeem our country life and all that country life means!

It was Ruskin's perception which could reconcile the spirit of Burne-Jones' work and that of Turner. The tone of Burne-Jones' pictures is a sad one. It is eminently the art of his time, the only possible expression of its best feeling. He reflects the yearning for a truer and more beautiful life among an increasing number of people whose aspirations were not satisfied by a mechanical elysium, but more than this dissatisfaction he is unable to express. The leaven had only begun to work, the leaven which is to work its way through the three measures of our life, and inspire our society, our industries, and our religion with a new hope rising to a new belief. He is a John the Baptist crying in the Wilderness, a prophet of better things to come. Like his great contemporary and fellow worker William Morris, he can see no other refuge for a poet's bruised imagination than a return to the Art of the thirteenth century, and offers to console us with a revival of that. Such is the strength and such, perhaps, the limitation of the greatest artist of the last half-century. And if we really prize his work, we must take what he has to tell us to heart, which is not, at any rate, that any apotheosis of machinery will bring quiet to our lives or colour to our art. For if any of you cling desperately to the popular doctrine that it is but a natural and easy change from the tyranny of Trusts to the Nationalisation of everything, and that we must keep in view the good time coming when improved machinery will do all the drudgery of the world in less than half the time it takes to do it now, and so bring us leisure to paint pictures, play the pianola, and learn wood-carving, I shall disappoint you again by saying that I believe by the time we are ready to patronise art under such a dispensation, Shakespeare will have become an immortal classic, or in other words, nobody will care to read his works, and there will be no wood left to carve. The real truth underlying the relation of work to play, or of labour to leisure, is that the

one is the complement and not the contrast to the other ; that what a man works at must also become the subject or inspiration of his art or play. We know that children like to play at "trains," but it is difficult to conceive a national sport based on our admiration for steam-engines and dynamos, or *Bradshaw* supplanting the popularity of the *Police News*. The only imaginative art which can adequately symbolise the consummation of the factory system is the art of advertising, and its inventions are already, if we consider the subject from a rightly imperial point of view, a far truer expression of the popular fancy than the annual exhibitions of pictures throughout the country.

I referred, however, to Ruskin's comprehensive appreciation of different styles of art to draw your attention to another warning sign of the times. While pictures were still an expression of the national imagination, as they certainly were during the first three quarters of the last century, the truest, the most national and, therefore, the most abiding and best among them consisted of what is considered a peculiarly English gift, Landscape. Have you ever thought why landscape art should have been born and flourished here? It may seem a somewhat fantastic reason to attribute to our special excellence in this direction, but it often seems to me that as soon as England began to play the rôle of workshop to the world, God raised up a body of men peculiarly endowed, who felt and depicted what they thought was sacred in the sky, and the hills, and the rivers and fields of their own land and God's earth, to warn or remind us how responsible we were for the welfare of the country we were hastening to despise and desert. Is it not, at least, worthy of notice that such a school should have arisen and flourished contemporaneously with the rural exodus and the insidious commencement of the ruin of Nature's beauty and rustic life? Can you conceive how a clearer message could have been sent to dull ears than this one, given by a still honest and faithful profession, that there was a divinity in Nature of unspeakable beauty and perpetual refreshment with

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whose entirety we should meddle at our peril? There is very little of such art left. Nature, it seems to me, has wrapped herself up from inquisitive gaze and refuses to reveal herself in any prophetic guise. The last of the Sibyls is silenced. I do not know whether between Birmingham and Wolverhampton a landscape any longer exists, or any soul could be born capable of carrying on the message that Turner delivered in other colours than those of fire and smoke; for it seems to me that no painter now has any prophetic imagination, and that a new inspiration and a sterner message is being prepared for other vessels and another form of art.

The second truth which I have to state is this: that just as no sane or healthy life is possible till we have repented of our ways and returned to the country to busy ourselves there with producing things that make for life, instead of gambling in these and manufacturing things ourselves which are destructive to life, so no art is possible till we have regained or returned to the faith, which in leaving the land we left, and in building the town we betrayed.

It has been a difficult task for me, unversed in economics, to put my convictions before you for the necessity of a return to the land from the point of view of a revival in art, or of restoring to the workman his right—his divine right—of using his imagination, a right that has been as veritably stolen from him as his garden and cottage. It is a still harder task for the layman to assume the rôle of preacher and insist on the necessity of a religious revival preceding an artistic one, and yet I should not be fulfilling the task I have set myself if I did not conscientiously state what I believe to be true. It only remains for me to explain my meaning when I say, what must seem a puzzle to many of you, that we cannot hope for a renaissance of any art worth having unless it is heralded by a religious enthusiasm.

It ought to be considered redundant to associate the words religion and enthusiasm. I cannot conceive of any vital religion which is not a subject of enthusiasm to those who pretend to hold

it. The one enemy of all progress, the real obstacle—*diabolos* or devil—is *Apathy*. It matters less to what sect a man belongs or under what name he prays, than that he should believe ardently in Something, and be ready to sacrifice himself for that belief, were it only that his country should excel in war, or his county in cricket. That is the essential difference between a man and a beast, between a being who obeys a call from outside to raise himself and others, and a creature who answers no appeal and knows no god but his belly. The fetish of to-day is a fond belief that if we look after ourselves God will look after the world and put a generous dividend into our pocket on the transaction. The machine has not only enslaved our hands, it has captured our hearts. We have a consistent standard to which all reforms must concur before we allow ourselves to patronise them. They must pay, if possible, us, who have financed them; pay their own way in any case.

The Conversion of England did not take place thus. It was only effected by the most strenuous labour, the most rigorous self-denial, the most open-handed generosity, the keenest faith. You will perhaps laugh at me when I say that England has become heathen again, that never more than now was there greater need for an appeal to civilize and Christianize our country. For unless we identify religion and civilization they are both vain, and the things I am trying to convince you to look at as types of what we ought to aim at, poor examples as they may be, do display this unity of purpose; do, if you will see them rightly, express that coincidence of body and soul, of work and play, duty and desire which is only possible when we have made the whole of our life approximately at peace.

For I hope no one will misunderstand my use of the term "religion" or imagine for one moment that by religious art I meant ecclesiastical art. Far from implying that, I know of little decorative work more atheistical than that which passes for religious art to-day, an opinion, I am delighted to find, I share

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with the Bishop of Worcester, only I wish as a reformer he would obey the promptings of his individual taste and "tear ninety-nine out of every hundred (designs) submitted to him in two," instead of allowing their incarnated apathy to poison the message of his church. How, I wonder, can any temple of God be purged unless by some such consuming zeal? No artist has any right to paint or depict in any form the symbols of Christian belief, unless he does veritably believe in the efficacy of those symbols, or the real existence of those beneficent powers whose aid or presence their pictures and attributes are supposed to recall or invoke. The insincerity that can supply the demand for these things without any faith in what they represent, is only equalled by the blindness of those who can make use of them, and fail to see that a symbol is only effectual when it really embodies the artist's energy or faith who conceived it. That is the magic of Art. It awakes in other people's minds the feelings which inspired its author to create it. We understand this truth in relation to music and literature; it is just as true, perhaps truer, because less conscious, in matters of Art. The religious Art of the present day does not carry any conviction with it, no more than what is manufactured at Munich by the ton for the Catholic Church. Art, to be Christian, must embody an enthusiasm not primarily for the Church; she only evolves the letter, and carries on the tradition and shape, she has been, and must again become herself, the artist; but for the WORD, the principles which Christ inculcated. And this is the only Canon by which to-day we can judge of any Art. For, believe me, we have reached a crisis in history. We have come to imagine that Art has nothing to do with morals, still less with religion, and see! It is only by what morality and religion it contains that it shall be called Art in any sense. And as all work, as soon as it is delivered from the tyranny of the machine must be judged as Art, so must we all, too, become critics, applying one test to every effort, "Is it sincere? Has it any message for us, and does the man who did it believe in what

he had to say?" But perhaps we are diffident of judging because we have not yet answered the question we are everywhere putting to ourselves, "What do we ourselves believe in? Have we at the beginning of this twentieth century of the Christian era any vital faith at all except in what will bring us material advantages in this world, or help us to forget or disbelieve that there is any other?"

I have implied that in enthusiasm of any sort we possess the essential of religion, for where enthusiasm exists apathy cannot. In the discovery and conversion of enthusiasm to higher motives lies the hope of the present and the redemption of the future, for enthusiasm is creative energy, is divine in its essence, is that evidence of things unseen but acutely felt, which has been called Faith. But before we convert a passing enthusiasm into an abiding faith we must have an object capable not only of exciting our admiration, but also of altering our lives, and I ask you in all earnestness to tell me what, in these days of universal competition and scientific Christianity, we are to have faith in. Dogmas are dead, miracles are discredited, and the Sermon on the Mount, excellent and perfect system of ethics as it undoubtedly has been proved to be, will alone neither bring men nearer to revealing the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, nor console them for its loss. I say this because the strange spectacle is offered us to-day—not so strange, perhaps, when one remembers how consistent it is with modern clever business methods, of a strong movement, within and without the Church, to assume that the influence of the Founder of our religion was of a purely human, kindly, and *unsensational* character, and not of a divine or superhuman one; and this in direct contradiction to all tradition and of the very documents which have delivered its message unmutilated till now. The old atheistical onslaughts on religion were honest because they were open and sincere; the modern attack is dishonourable because it is underhand and treacherous. It dares to call itself Christian. But when Christianity ceases to be a revealed, or miraculous religion, it ceases to exist. There is nothing, of course,



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to prevent our preferring the Gospel according to the *Higher Criticism*, as it modestly calls itself, but it is surely time that some defender of the old faith should definitely state that it is not the same as the Gospel according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, or even of John.

I used to regret, as a child, that I was born in an age so unromantic as ours. I am beginning to realise that no romance we have read about can equal that of the crisis on which the world is now entering; no struggle for freedom, no championship of the oppressed, can for interest enter into competition with the battle that must soon be waged between the powers that make for simplicity in our homes, art in our industries, and aspiration in our religion, and those that entice and drag us back into the slough of luxurious idleness, hopeless slavery, and an apathy that is indeed death.

The crisis is indeed a critical one. Besides the continual protest of landscape art against the desecration of the country, there have been, ever since machinery and the factory system were introduced, signs of a natural reaction against their evil influence. This has shown itself in Oxford Movements, Catholic Revivals, Pre-Raphælite Brotherhoods, fashions for romantic fiction and æsthetic decoration, all expressive of a longing for the mediæval faith and furniture which have irrevocably floated into the past. I say "irrevocably" not with resignation but with relief. We do not want to return even to the glories of the thirteenth century. We want to press onwards to the first of a new era. But just as the earlier enthusiasms of the last century aimed at reviving a mediæval exuberance of faith and fancy, of ritual and dogma, so our new-born passion, rising with lighted lamps to meet its Saviour when He comes, shall aim at the grandeur and simplicity of the earlier faith, and strive to wrest from the confusion of creeds and conduct into which we have fallen, the joyful secret for which its first possessors could find no better name than the "Good News." What that secret was and is, in all humility, and in what poor part

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I can grasp it, I have been trying to show you is told in the spontaneous labour or art of those who alone can be said to inherit the blessed earth. Its presence is what makes all work art, and all art sacred. Its absence makes the most precious crown dust under the foot of the believer. Its presence in these poor things makes them of infinite value to me. It is what Christ loved to call Himself—the Light, the Sunshine, the Life of the world.

A belief in its redeeming power, not as a poetic sentiment to be doffed with the mood, but as a consciously practical motive force freely offered to all who will accept it, and filling all it reaches with a completeness that defies analysis or imitation, is what must stamp the art of the future as it must also inspire its life. I mean nothing metaphorical or abstruse. It is more the temper in which a thing is done, the atmosphere it carries, than the sentence it spells or the incident it relates. Here is a motto dear to the heart of my German potter: "In grünen Wald da ist mein Aufenthalt." In the heart of the forest, aye, and everywhere where God fills the solitudes with Life, and in everything which having Life is an incarnation and reflection of the Heavenly—in this and these, in their innocence and beauty and well-being, and not in myself, is my true home and content. It is the Life which is indeed miraculously translated into this clay which makes it art. It is our own Life which we can sacrifice or make holy by giving it away in what we make or do, that alone will make *us* artists also—disciples, that is to say, of Him whose confessed mission was, "I am come that ye may have Life and have it more abundantly."

## THE WORK OF THE BOYS' CLUB, AND ITS PLACE IN SOCIAL PROGRESS.

By J. H. WHITEHOUSE.

(Second Paper.)

### PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT.

Let us now briefly consider the principles which should underlie the form of government to be adopted in the Boys' Club. We are well aware that we are treading upon debatable ground, but we propose to set forth the course which our own experience has shown us to be wise and effectual.

### HOME TO BE THE MODEL.

A Boys' Club should resemble a true home. It should be a place of peace, of happiness, of love, and of liberty. It must be, too, a place of education in the fullest and noblest sense; and just as a Public School cares and is responsible for the whole life of its members, so also should our Boys' Club, though necessarily in a far smaller degree, take a similarly comprehensive view of its duties. For it has to take the place of home to many who scarcely know what the word means, and to others whom the stern realities of life may have caused to be prematurely separated from its influence and love. We would, therefore, follow as nearly as possible the principles governing a home. There should be a supreme and undisputed head, in the person of the warden or manager, but under his fostering care there should be such healthy liberty as will most surely encourage the growth of personal and corporate responsibility. The ideals of the head of the Club must necessarily be in advance of those of the members, and the recognition of this fact renders it undesirable to attempt to make a boys' club self-governing in the sense in which an adult club may very properly be so made. The benevolent despotism which is here suggested

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will not be found incompatible with a large measure of self-government. It will indeed exist to promote this, and a wise manager will endeavour to carry out all branches of the club's work with the active help of the boys themselves, through committees and in other ways.

COMMITTEES OF THE BOYS. Thus the programme for the social meetings, the arrangements for game competitions, and the organization of most of the departments of the Club can be most effectively carried out through such committees of the boys, subject to the control and advice of the head.

In thus developing the public spirit of the members by shewing them that they are not members of a club merely to receive a personal benefit, but that they themselves are helping in its government and are responsible for its success, will be found the most effective means of making the Club one in which every member will feel a personal pride, and in which there will be that strong *esprit de corps* which springs from a common affection.

EVOLUTION OF HEAD BOYS. It may reasonably be hoped also that in due time a certain number of the older members, filled with a true love and zeal for the club and its institutions, would be qualified by their club training for a yet more active share in its work. Their position in the club would be approximate to that held in Rugby School by the members of the sixth form under Arnold, and many important officers, such as the librarians, the heads of tents at camp, the captains of the teams, would naturally be chosen from their number. From the best of these older fellows, again, when they have reached the age limit for members, the manager might well select his permanent helpers.

THE AGE LIMIT. The age limit is something of a problem. On the whole we are inclined to fix it high and to regard 20 as a desirable limit. Unfortunately, the chain of which the boys' club is but a link, is not yet completely forged, and it is hard to lose lads who have reached the age limit without being

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able to pass them on to some other organization fitted for their special needs.

**THE OUTDOOR LIFE.** We turn to the consideration of a department of the Club's work surpassed in importance by none—the outdoor life of its members. We have, perhaps, already sufficiently referred to the advantages to our boys of organized games,\* and we may here content ourselves with briefly indicating lines of working.

**RECREATION GROUND.** The first problem in this connection which the Club has to face is the provision of a field suitable for cricket and football. We shall touch upon the financial side of the work of the Boys' Club at a later period, and are not now concerned with it. But this question of ground is a vital one, and all difficulties must be surmounted. Unfortunately in all the big cities the problem of how to obtain recreation ground is constantly growing more acute, and if our Club is in the centre of one of these, our recreation ground may have to be found at a considerable distance away. But if ours be a village club no great difficulty should be experienced in getting ground fairly near to it.

**COMMUNAL LABOUR.** Having once obtained a ground, however unpromising its condition, little, if any, further outlay upon it should be necessary, since the work of levelling it and making it suitable for play may well be done by the members themselves. They will readily respond to an appeal for their personal service, and the work itself will be at once a happiness and an inspiration to them. A simple pavilion or shelter could also be erected by them. They would be capable of carrying out, too, simple drainage operations, where such were necessary. It would, of course, be necessary to have skilled guidance, but there are few cases in which this could not freely be obtained from sympathisers with the work of the Club.

The most progressive schools of to-day have successfully demonstrated the great moral and educational value of thus

\* *Saint George*, April, 1904, p. 116.

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encouraging boys to undertake manual labour, and we would particularly mention in this connection the experiments at Bedales, the Ruskin School Home at Heacham, the Manchester High School, and Abbotsholme. These schools have proved that outdoor work is thoroughly appreciated by boys and, questions of health apart, tends to promote a true manliness of character. We venture to express the belief that in the near future it will be recognised as an essential part of all education. Certain we are that if work of this kind is successfully organized and carried out in connection with the Boys' Club, its members will thereafter be bound together by those hoops of steel which are made only in the presence of a spirit of mutual service.

### THE TEAMS.

We need not here dwell upon the organization of the football and cricket teams in their due seasons, beyond suggesting that the members of the teams should be entrusted as far as possible with the management of the arrangements. Social gatherings of the members of the teams will naturally be arranged from time to time. Cricket and football "caps" should be given to members winning their places in the teams, and every opportunity should be taken to promote keenness of interest. There must be no place for the fellow who is slack.

The manager and other officers of the club should, if possible, be with the teams on the occasion of all matches. Apart from the fact that this helps to maintain a higher standard of conduct, the closer intercourse which it gives between the officers and the boys will be found invaluable. If the manager and his helpers are playing members so much the better.

### OTHER GAMES.

The resources of the club in the matter of outdoor pastimes need not be exhausted by cricket and football. Cross-country runs might well be held at regular intervals, and these will be found to be keenly enjoyed by many boys. There are many other games which could be introduced as opportunity offers, but we believe it to be sound policy to

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specially encourage those which can be joined in by a number and which, therefore, offer the best facilities for co-operation and joint enterprise.

**EDUCATIONAL RAMBLES.** But let us also have the regular country ramble, making some old Church or other interesting building, or some scene of natural beauty or of historic association, our objective. Such rambles, especially if aided by a judicious use of the camera, cannot but be of great educational value. They may awaken the interest of the youthful pilgrims in architecture and in natural and human history. But they may do more than this: they may prove the first revelation of the beauty of the earth; they may herald the dawn of a love for nature to prove hereafter one of the truly precious and elevating joys of life.

**THE SUMMER CAMP.** A permanent feature of all Boys' Clubs should be the Summer Camp. It is unrivalled, from the standpoint alike of health and moral training. The first point needs now no demonstration; on the second a few words may be permitted. A camp teaches boys the joy of simple, natural pursuits. He is enabled to repeat with sincerity Professor Beeching's *A Boy's Prayer*:—

God who created me  
Nimble and light of limb,  
In three elements free,  
To run, to ride, to swim:  
Not when the sense is dim,  
But now from the heart of joy,  
I would remember Him:  
Take the thanks of a boy.

He is taught, too, the joy of mutual service and helpfulness. The individualistic spirit is restrained. The boy takes his share of all the work of the camp. He thus acquires independence by doing things for himself, and is shewn at once the necessity and the dignity of so-called menial tasks. We heartily wish the



## THE WORK OF THE BOYS' CLUB.

Summer Camp were an institution of every public school. We know no better antidote for snobbery, for the contempt for labour which so frequently results from a system under which a lad learns to ring the bell. We know no better way of promoting his unselfishness, and of training him for the great service of man.

We are not now concerned with camps conducted on military lines, with drill. For many clubs such a camp is not possible; to others it would not be wholly satisfactory. Our experience is that a camp can be conducted as efficiently without drill and military organization as with them. This is perhaps hardly the occasion to go into minute details as to the working of a camp: they would require a book to themselves. The broad lines to be followed, however, may be indicated.

Camp out, if possible, near the sea. The site is generally healthier, and the variety of recreation is greater. See that you have an adequate and pure water supply. Make only necessary regulations and see that they are adhered to. Let there be an officer, or a trustworthy senior boy, in charge of each tent. The question of amusements will present no difficulties. Let the boys bathe, and boat, and fish. Take them occasionally for whole-day tramps and mountain rambles, picnicing by the way. Provide football, hockey, and cricket. In the evenings gather round the camp fire for a sing-song, or the telling of tales, or for little talks and the exchange of confidences. Do not overcrowd the tents. Seven is usually a sufficient number. On cold nights see that each boy has sufficient blankets. If possible a marquee should be provided as a mess-room. This is far preferable to any arrangement for separate tent-messing.

### THE EXPENSE OF THE SUMMER CAMP.

The expense of running a Summer Camp is not considerable; indeed, such a camp may easily be made self-supporting. The Railway Companies all issue low-priced tickets for such camps, and the necessary tents and bedding, together with most of the other apparatus necessary, can be hired at reasonable rates. An admirable little camp hand-

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book is published from the headquarters of the Boys' Brigade, which would be of the utmost value to those desirous of forming a camp for the first time. It will be found that the boys will look forward to camp as the chief event of the year, and it is an excellent plan to open a Camp Savings Fund, in which intending campers can make deposits weekly. A boy can then save the moderate amount required to take him to camp for a week, about ten to fifteen shillings, without undue difficulty.

THE CLUB  
"SPIRIT."

What is that elusive thing known as the "spirit" of any particular institution—a spirit always with a distinct personality of its own, with its attendant ideals and obligations? It is hard to describe it or to analyse it. But no organization is worth much without it. For it is the expression of a noble pride in the object of its affection; it is a mark of brotherhood, of camaraderie; it is the expression of conscious life, progress, hope; its absence frequently marks failure and decay. We have assumed in these papers that the club "spirit" is not only desirable but essential, and we have touched on features and methods which we believe will produce this spirit. It is essential that it should be a noble one based upon ideals which each member of the club must feel he is striving to realize. Then indeed our club will become a true brotherhood, and each young member admitted to it will gradually feel the privileges of belonging to an order which has brought into his life sympathy, love, knowledge, guidance, and will be inspired to put forth the best that he is capable of in co-operating for the success of a club which has made these words living realities.

(To be continued.)

## REVIEW.

*Robert Browning, by Edward Dowden. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1904.*

**L**OVERS of Browning's poetry will all be grateful to Professor Dowden for this *appreciation*. It is a book from which we come to know at once the poet and his poetry far better than we did before; and this because it is a most happy blend of biography and of criticism.

It must be admitted that Browning's life was not an eventful one. But the bearing of the poet's external life upon his work is treated in this volume with the greatest skill and care. It is needless to say that there is no dilating upon petty and insignificant details. It is the development of Browning's mind and spirit and the influence of this upon his poetry that forms the main subject of his book.

We are made to realise that Browning was a wise teacher, who was always on the side of the effective energy and the bracing ardour by dint of which the world progresses. He was an optimist, but untainted by any touch of easy-going self-complacency. As an optimist, it is true, he had—in the language of Professor Henry Jones—"little respect for the Welt-Schmerz, and can scarcely be civil to the hero of the bleeding heart." This feeling is, perhaps, most emphatically expressed in the poem entitled "At the Mermaid." Also, in "The Statue and the Bust," a verdict is pronounced upon "each frustrate ghost whose sin is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin, though the end in sight was a vice, I say"—a verdict which, like many of Browning's utterances, is a paradox intended to arrest attention and to evoke reflection.

The writer of a passage like this is not likely to be tolerant of an optimism whose roots lie in the sleek over-prosperous

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survey of life. This, indeed, is condemned by the general tone of Browning's writings, but, above all, by a passage from "Pippa Passes" of sternest and almost savage denunciation:—

"that hateful smirk of boundless self-conceit,  
That seems to take possession of the world  
And make of God a tame confederate,  
Purveyor to their appetites."

It is well, at the outstart, to emphasize this view of Browning. In an age when the general tone of literature was melancholic and despondent, he remained sanguine and ardent, and thus very helpful to all such as wished to work rather than to whine, however much impressed they might be with the world's sadness. If he hoped well for the world, it was certainly not because he was blind to what in striking language he called its "dread machinery of sin and sorrow," but because he was by nature's own gift of a manly, robust temperament.

Dowden, in commenting upon Browning's treatment of Heracles in *Balaustion's Adventure*, remarks that he uplifts the demi-god "into a very saint of joyous effort"; and then proceeds to point out that "something of the Heracles ideal appears again and again in other poems of Browning. His Breton sailor, Hervé Riel, has more than a touch of the Heracleian frankness of gaiety in arduous effort. His Ivàn Ivànovitch wields the axe and abolishes a life with the Heracleian joy in righteousness. And in the last of Browning's poems, not without a pathetically over-boisterous effort and strain, there is the suggestion of an ideal conception of himself as a Heracles-Browning; the old man tries at least to send his great voice before him." How largely, in truth, does gratitude to our poet as a source of inspiration—as a very real strengthener of our spiritual sinews—enter into the reverence which we cherish for his memory! For this quality he, of all the teachers of our time, possessed in a quite singular degree.

But Browning was one of the most versatile of men, and touching, as he did, life on almost every side, we must not

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linger too long on any one aspect of his teaching, however important it may be. Of his own dramas, Dowden tells us that the *Luria* was his favourite; one of its most striking features is the contrast between the natures of Eastern and Western, which reaches a climax in the great passage spoken by the Moor, Husain:

"There stands a wall  
"Twixt our expansive and explosive race  
And these absorbing concentrating men."

Dowden, in a fine passage (page 57), writes: "The region of untrammelled, unclouded passion, of spiritual intuition, and of those great words from heaven which pierce 'even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow,' is, for Browning's imagination, the East." The whole paragraph is very impressive, and should, by all means, be compared with what is said on the subject of the somewhat similar contrast between men and women [pages 270-271].

Italy, however, occupies a far larger space in Browning's poems than the East. "Italy," writes Dowden, "is a land of passion"; also, of "casuistries of intellect." For both reasons, then, Italy provided "material best fitted for his artistry." Some of the poems on this topic are specially significant as self-revelations. Who can help feeling how heartily Browning sympathises with the full-natured Fra Lippo Lippi in his fine outburst?—

"This world's no blot for us  
Nor blank; it means intensely and means good.  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

But, in addition to this autobiographical interest, these poems, as descriptive of Italy itself, its scenery, its people and their pursuits, above all, of its artists and art, may be read again and again, and their contents remain unexhausted.

We have heard much—too much, surely—about Browning's obscurity. Dowden, to say the least, does not dwell on this

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subject; although he admits that "from first to last in the genius of Browning there was an element, showing itself from time to time, of strange perversity" [page 294, compare page 301].

We wish, rather, to say with all due emphasis that this occasional obscurity seems to us redeemed by the appealing beauty and, still more frequently, by the matchless power of our poet when at his best. As examples of the latter quality think of the description of arms of Eastern workmanship as "Horror coquetting with voluptuousness"! [*A Forgiveness*.] Think of the passage about the "hateful smirk" quoted above, and compare it with Pompilia's dislike of the Archbishop's smile:

"My heart died out at the Archbishop's smile;  
It seemed so stale and worn a way o' the world,  
As though 'twere nature frowning."

And then for passages of quite a different tenor, think of this from *Aristophanes' Apology*:

"A sea-worn face, sad as mortality,  
Divine with yearning after fellowship."

What a picture of the pathos of lonely wistful lives! Or, again, who does not seem to listen in a sympathising ecstasy with the wise thrush, who

"Sings each song twice over  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture."

What a picture, too, and what food for thought are provided by this stanza from *Two in the Campagna*:

"The campaign with its endless fleece  
Of feathery grasses everywhere;  
Silence and passion, joy and peace,  
An everlasting wash of air—  
Rome's ghost since her decease."

But every student of Browning can tell how easy it would be

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to multiply from his poems passages of quite exceptional beauty, and, still more, of unmatched impressiveness.

Readers of *Saint George* will be pleased to learn that the relations between Ruskin and Browning were friendly and cordial [as Dowden points out on pages 153, 172].

We began by speaking of Browning as a fortifying writer. We cannot conclude, as a further illustration of this, with a subject more important than his teaching on the future life.

In one place he writes boldly:—

“Death is the summing up of life’s meaning,  
Stored strength for new adventure.”

And in another, “No work begun shall ever pause for death.” Few, surely, can forget the sentence towards the end of the aged Pope’s soliloquy in *The Ring and the Book*, in which the arch-criminal is made to descend

“Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state,  
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul  
He else made first in vain: which must not be.”

In *Evelyn Hope*, a poem much admired by Tennyson, there is predicted a meeting of the older man with the beautiful girl, who died when only sixteen years old, at some distant time in some far-away world. In the *La Saisiaz*, a poem analysed by Dowden with much care, it is argued that had certainty and not merely hope been allowed mankind on the subject of the future life, this life would lose its value as “a pupil-place—just probation space.”

Professor Dowden’s book is eminently an interpretation of Browning’s life and work. If we have said more about the interpreted than about the interpreter, we feel sure that this is what Professor Dowden would desire. Assuredly in his most interesting and attractive book, he does not for one moment obtrude himself to the disadvantage of his great subject.

A. J. S.



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**EXHIBITION OF PEASANT ART.** An exhibition of deep interest to Ruskin students has been open in Birmingham since Easter. One of the rooms of the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Society of Artists was devoted to a collection made by the Birmingham Ruskin Society, to illustrate the kind of design used by peasant artists in the production of homely articles. The quaint and simple beauty of the designs, executed with a workmanship at once strong and rough for the most part, produced a remarkable effect; which was enhanced by the proximity of the ordinary collection of pictures. Some, at least, of its significance could hardly be missed just now when the genius of design is almost entirely latent or sophisticated—turned into affectation by bad teaching and mistaken ideals, or starved out of the market by the competition of machines, human and otherwise. The fact that we feel this, and that anyone cares to collect and exhibit things made under simpler conditions, happier for the craftsman, is a very hopeful sign. The backbone of the collection came from the treasures of the Rev. Gerald Davies, of Charterhouse, whose unique collection may some day, we are glad to think, be accessible for the public: this exhibit was mainly Scandinavian woodwork and embroidery. The rest comprised a fine show of old blacksmithing, German pottery, wall-hangings; and there was a beautiful collection of old lace and lace made upon old patterns, lent by Mrs. Bruce Clarke, of Harley Street. As we passed in from a room whose walls were covered with brilliant oils, the change was startling; but the deep and mellow tints of wood and tapestries soon asserted themselves in beautiful and peaceful harmonies, as of an old English home. But we were not asked to a feast of colour; for soon we heard Mr. Godfrey Blount asking us in impassioned words "if these things had any other value for us than purely æsthetic or antiquarian. If not, leave them to the

collector and antiquary. If they have, try and learn what they have to teach us ; for unless we do, they will soon cease to exist except as curious instances of abortive art-instincts in the museums of enlightened corporations or collections of private curiosity-mongers." What these lessons are we shall read again in *Saint George*—the right saint for such an onslaught on the dragon. And we who heard are not likely soon to forget it ; nor its impressive and eloquent confirmation by the late and the present headmasters of the Birmingham School of Art. As in our visit to the Manchester Ruskin Exhibition, there was much food for reflection, with the sauce of some very piquant contrasts.

THE LATE  
PROFESSOR  
YORK POWELL.

Frederic York Powell is dead. His name is not likely to be long remembered, for he never sought to do anything memorable. Yet those who knew him will find few more memorable among their friends—alas! that he should have become a memory before his time. He gave himself, all his wide learning and robust sense, to his friends and pupils ; and was content to be an inspiration. That helps to explain why he "did" so little. A man's output must be limited if virtue is going out of him all his days. It must be confessed too that he had his share of that slackness, commonly called "constitutional," which is epidemic at Oxford. Yet (Oxford again) his energy in many directions was very great: the story that he refused the editorship of the *Sportsman* to take the Regius Professorship of Modern History has some of the elements of truth in it. Like Morris he had much in him of the Vikings whom they loved and have taught us to know. In art he had wide but strong tastes ; he was himself both poet and painter.

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His breadth of taste and sympathy, and his genial hospitality made him an ideal host for the undergrad. and the young don; he could always talk with wisdom and knowledge on any of the great variety of subjects which interested his guests. "Go and ask the Yorker," was a fairly frequent solution of a difficulty. Perhaps he did not suffer fools very gladly, but he never abused the privilege of the great to be rude. Few men, since Christopher North, could have had so wide and incongruous a circle of friends at home and abroad, and not all could be so staunch a friend as he was. For shams of any kind he had a burning hatred; in denouncing them he very soon became unprintable.

Readers of this review should remember him because he was one of the first to welcome the young and doughty *Saint George*. His fine address, given at a few days' notice, just after Ruskin's death, became the chief tribute in our memorial number. Ruskin Hall remembers him as a generous friend and clear-sighted critic from the first: for their students he wrote that nervous and manly little address to democracy, which appeared as an Introduction to Mr. Beard's *Industrial Revolution*.

In memory of a true man, we print from it some "things I have wished to say for some time."

"The classes that labour with their hands for weekly wages have now entrusted to them much of the power possessed by the Government of this country. The future of this country, and the parts of the world dependent on it, must be largely settled by the use, wise or foolish, good or evil, they will be making of this power. Their own future depends on it. If they refuse to think, if they choose to listen to fools' advice, if they do not take advantage of the opportunities they have for making themselves better, morally, physically, and intellectually, the world will pass them by speedily and inevitably. Goodwill is no excuse in face of facts; only good deeds will count.

"Knowledge and the will to use it, and the courage and perseverance required to use it rightly, these are the necessities of progress and of well-being of any kind. Ignorance that may be felt (but that may by honest effort be destroyed) is the cause of many more of our troubles than we like to admit. Science, not Creed, is the Deliverer, if we will

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only take the trouble to follow it. There will be plenty of mistakes on the way, but if a man means to learn by his former mistakes, he nearly always has the chance, and the advance, though slow, will be continuous.

"Democracy is no heaven-born institution. There is no right divine about it. Darwin has dismissed the fatal poisonous absurdities of Rousseau to the limbo of lost rubbish. If democracy cannot do its work, it will, and must, go as other political methods and expedients have gone. If this country is not healthier, stronger, wiser, happier, and better off in the highest sense under a democracy than it was under an oligarchy, democracy will have failed, and some other plan of government will be tried, whether people like it or not. Democracy is on its trial. If it is worked by wise men and honest men, it may do well; if it is worked by ignorant, prejudiced, gullible, and selfish persons, it will not do well. The greatest enemy of the democracy is the lie-maker, the flatterer, and the person who tries to persuade the voter that dishonesty is not always the worst policy, and that a bit of boodle for himself cannot hurt him or anyone else. A democracy, of all governments, is the least able to afford to listen to lies, or to grow corrupt, or to remain self-indulgent or ignorant. Its stability depends upon the persons it trusts; if it trusts the wrong persons, it falls sooner or later—generally sooner.

"These are commonplaces, but they are not sufficiently attended to. Democracy is a good or bad thing as they are remembered and attended to or not. It is worse and more unpleasant and more dangerous to be ruled by many fools than by one fool or a few fools. The tyranny of an ignorant and cowardly mob is a worse tyranny than the tyranny of an ignorant and cowardly clique or individual. Rulers are not wise by reason of their number or their poverty, or their reception of a weekly wage instead of a monthly salary or yearly income.

"Again, workers are not respectable or to be considered because they work more with their hands or feet than with their brains, but because the work they do is good. If it is not good work they do, they are as unprofitable as any other wasters. A plumber is not a useful or admirable creature because he plumbs (if he plumbs ignorantly or dishonestly he is often either a manslayer or a murderer), but because he plumbs well, and saves the community from danger and damp, disease, and fire and water. Makers of useless machine-made ornaments are, however 'horny-handed,' really 'anti-social' persons, baneful to the community as far as their bad work goes; more baneful, possibly, than the consumers of these bad articles, quite as baneful as the *entrepreneurs* who employ them. We 'practical English' spend

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millions on machine-made ornaments, and so-called art which is not art. Every furniture-maker's shop is crowded with badly-made, badly-ornamented stuff which ought never to have been made, and would never be sold if people only took the trouble to try and understand the difference between real art and sham art; if they only knew so much as that a machine can only copy, it cannot make or create a beautiful thing at all. The hand of man, worked by the brain of man, is needed for that. A Windsor chair is an honest piece of work, acceptable; the pieces of the wretched "drawing-room suite" the women are so proud to put in their front parlours are vile to look at, and degrading to live with. The wax flowers you see in the front windows of 'respectable artisans' houses, and the detestable 'painted vases' they set on their chimney-pieces, 'mantels' they call them, are horrible to look at, and pure waste to make. They do not please the eye; they merely puff up a silly and anti-social conceit. They are symbols of snobbery. The dreadful waste on sham art and bad ornament is bad and anti-progressive. People who cheat themselves into liking, or pretending to like, bad art are blind to good art, blind to natural beauty, and cannot understand what true art is. This is a degrading state to be in for any person or set of persons.

"We must not be deceived by words. We talk of 'doing well' when we only mean 'getting rich,' which is a very different thing in many cases. The only good institutions are those that do good work; the only good work done is that which produces good results, whether they be direct, as the ploughman's, or navvy's, or sailor's; or indirect, as the policeman, or the schoolmaster, or the teacher of good art, or the writer of books that are worth reading. A man is no better or wiser than others by reason of his position or lack of position, but by reason of his stronger body, wiser head, better skill, greater endurance, keener courage. Knowledge teaches a community to breed better children, to bring them up better, to employ them better, to encourage them to behave better, and work better, and play better, and in their turn breed children who shall have better chances than themselves—not necessarily better chances to grow rich or to become idle, but better chances to become honourable, wise, strong-bodied and strong-brained able men and women. No system of government, no set of formulas, can save a state unless the people who work the system or formulas are wise, and honest, and healthy. A nation with too large a proportion of stunted, unhealthy, besotted, irritable, excitable, ignorant, vain, self-indulgent persons cannot endure in the world-struggle. It must and ought to be swept away, and the sooner the better. What we call Nature does not indulge in sentimental

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pity ; she puts her failures out of their pain as quickly as she can. She does not keep idiot asylums.

"In the competition for trade that is upon us, nay, in the very 'struggle for life,' we can only hold our own by greater physical and intellectual power. We must put ourselves in training ; we must throw off the 'anti-social' habits that hinder our efficiency ; we must beware of the quack mixtures of the demagogue and the superstition-monger, and accept only what satisfies trained reason. We must put off Sentimentality, which means the wholesome feeling for humanity gone rancid and turbid and unwholesome, and is an expensive and dangerous folly. We must take deliberate and calm judgments, and we must look ahead.

"The record of progress in this little book is largely the record of the success of men who with honest material objects worked in many ways wisely and prosperously, and made England the richest place on earth ; but this is not all, it is the record also of a great sacrifice, a sacrifice of health and happiness and vitality—a needless sacrifice offered up to Mammon. The English people, never by any plague, or famine, or war, suffered such a deadly blow at its vitality as by the establishment of the factory system without the proper safeguards. Napoleon's wars crippled France (though not as badly as his legislation), but the factory system threatened to sap the very existence of our people, because those who could have helped it (both employers and employed) at that time were too greedy, too ignorant, and too callous to understand the full evil they were doing, and the governing classes above them too foolish to see that the remedy must be swiftly applied.

"Ignorance and the blindness caused by greed are deadly enemies that we can only meet by knowledge and by honesty. And it must be remembered, though it is often forgotten, that the acquisition of knowledge does not mean book-learning, which is only a very little part of it. It is no good reading a book without understanding it, and no good understanding it unless one profits by it, and makes the principle or the piece of wisdom or fact a part of our mental store, ready for use when the proper time comes. A man may be book-learned and very ignorant. . . .

"There is a time, perhaps, when ignorance may be tolerated, but this is emphatically not the time. We have to set our house in order, as everyone knows who has a grain of sense left, but it cannot be done unless we choose the right men to do our political and economic work, trust them wisely, back them wisely, and resolve not only that the nation, but every town, every village, every workshop, and every

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house be made healthier, be better managed, and the causes that check progress and security be done away with. We cannot afford to sit down and rub our bellies and think how fat we are. Disease and crime can be tackled, and would be if we were in earnest. It requires probably less effort to keep ourselves and our children healthy and out of the dock than to save money and leave it to fools, or buy an annuity, and it is a great deal more necessary to the nation. It is not a sin to break some old Hebrew *tabu* that has no utility left in it, but it is a sin to be diseased when you can be healthy, to be ignorant when you can, at a little trouble, learn the truth of the matter, to be dishonest when you can, at the cost of a little effort, speak and act truly. Adulteration, again, is criminal and vile in all its aspects and results, and honest men will have nothing to do with it. It is one of the worst symptoms in the body social when adulterations and shams are tolerated. Adulteration is simply a low and vile form of larceny practised treacherously by persons who pretend to be respectable (like the bakers and brewers who poison their customers by the careless use of adulterants) upon persons who are often unable to detect or avoid the deceit and injury.

"The reading of good books without thinking things out is a mere debauching amusement, and reading for pastime is not a respectable thing, when it is pushed to extremes, at all, any more than over-eating or over-drinking. The 'habit of reading' is no better than the 'habit of snuffing,' unless the reading which the habitué does is good reading—reading that gives noble pleasure or that helps directly to progress, mental or physical, or trains one to practical ends. Waste of time is not only folly, but it is anti-progressive and means degeneration, just as waste of money over bad or foolish things, or waste of work over ugly shams or false ornaments or dishonest productions of any kind. . . .

"The world is 'full of a number of things,' as R. L. Stevenson says, and we have only learnt to make use of a few of these. There seem almost endless possibilities open, but they are only open to those who mean to take advantage of them, who mean to make themselves and do make themselves able to see the things that the ignorant and the lazy miss and always will miss. Our trade rivals have learnt all they knew till a few years ago from us, we can surely afford to take a lesson from our own ancestors; but we must be prepared to strip off prejudice and renounce hollow formulæ. Even if such a sacred institution as a trades-union stands in the way of real progress, it must change or go.

"Good work, not sham work; good art, not bad nor even mediocre art; good food, not the bad bread (one of the worst disgraces of this



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country) and the bad beer, but good bread and good beer; plain, good clothes, not 'fashionably cut' shoddy; good news, not party lies and foolish flattery and idle or malicious gossip; real information which need not be cheap, and cannot be easy (for knowledge is not an easy thing to get, but a hard thing both to win and hold), not chopped-up rubbish and dirty garbage; as much fresh air, and clean water, and out-of-door exercise as we can do with. These are things within our grasp, and we have not got them yet, though we have thousands of things we do not want, or really enjoy at all, but which we are fooled, or fool ourselves, into paying for through the nose. The end of work is to produce useful things, beautiful things, necessary things; but the end of life is not merely work, nor what people look for in exchange for work—riches. Riches without health or security, or the knowledge of how to use them, are merely a danger, and a daily reproach to an individual. They are also a danger and a daily reproach when unused, ill-used, or wasted to a nation. Health and wisdom are not incompatible with wealth, but worn-out vitality and blind ignorance quite certainly are. Only the strong man armed and healthy of brain can keep his house.

"Healthy people look to the future, sick people are content to linger through the day, or ready to sink into oblivion; the mark of a healthy nation is that it looks forward, prepares for the future, learns from the past, gets rid of its parasites, shakes off its social diseases, and walks resolutely in the service of her whom Defoe celebrated as that 'Most Serene, Most Invincible, Most Illustrious Princess, REASON,' and whom, long before him, Solomon, and the son of Sirach, lauded as the Chief of Things, the very emanation and breath of their God Himself."



